

Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph.

T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

VOLUME III.

Business Cards.

PLANTS & PAINE,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Pomeroy, O.
Office at Edward's Building.

BURNAP & STANBURY,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Particular
attention paid to the collection of claims. Of-
fice on Front street, at the head of Steamboat
landing, a few doors east of the Gibson House.
Pomeroy, O. 2-28-ly

SIMPSON & LASKLEY,
Attorneys & Counselors at Law, and general
collecting agents, Pomeroy, O. Office in the
Court House. 2-6-ly

KNOWLES GROWENOR,
Attorney at Law, Athens, Ohio, County, O.,
will attend the several Courts of Meigs County,
on the first day of each term. Office at the
Gibson House. 2-16-ly

MARTIN MAY,
Attorney-at-Law, Harrisonville, Meigs Co., O.,
will promptly attend to all business that may
be entrusted to his care in the several State
Courts of Ohio and in the U. S. Court for the
Northern and Southern Districts of Ohio. 3-3

GOLDEN & TOWNSEND,
Attorneys at Law, W. R. Golden's Office in
Athens, O., and L. Townsend's Office in
Meigs Co., O. Prompt attention given to the
collection of claims, and other business en-
trusted to them. 2-4-ly

PETER LAMBERT,
Watchmaker & Jeweler, and wholesale and
retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and
Fancy Goods, Front street, below the "Benning-
ton House," Pomeroy. Particular attention
paid to repairing all articles in my line. 1-1

W. A. ACHER,
Watchmaker and Jeweler, and wholesale and
retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and
Fancy Goods, Front street, below the "Benning-
ton House," Pomeroy. Particular attention
paid to repairing all articles in my line. 1-1

T. WHITEHEAD,
Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, three
doors above the Gibson House, Pomeroy, O.
work for Ladies and Gentlemen, made to order.
2-1-ly

REQUING & SMITH,
Leather Dealers and Finders, Court street, three
doors below the Bank, and opposite Branch's
Store, Pomeroy, O. 2-1-ly

STOKER & SALT COMPANY,
Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. Office near
the Furnace. [1-1] C. GRANT, Agent.

POMEROY SALT COMPANY,
Salt twenty-five cents per bushel.
[1-1]

DANNEY SALT COMPANY,
Coastal. Salt twenty-five cents per bushel
for country trade. G. W. COOPER, Secy.

ISAAC FALLER,
Clothing, Groceries and other goods. Dealer in
store above C. E. Donnelly's, near the Rolling
Mill, Pomeroy, O. Country Merchants are re-
spectfully requested to call and examine my
stock of Groceries and other goods. Jan. 3-24

F. LYMAN,
Painter and Glazier, back room of C. Lam-
bert's Jewelry Store, west side Court street,
Pomeroy, O. 2-1-ly

JOHN EISELSTEIN,
Saddles, Harness and Trunk Manufacture.
Front street, three doors below the Gibson
House, Pomeroy, will receive and repair all
trunks, suitcases and baggage in the best
manner. His saddles are of the best quality.
Saddles gotten up in the neatest style. 1-22

M. BLAETNER,
Carriage & Wagon Manufacture.
Front street, first corner below the Gibson
House, Pomeroy, O. All kinds of carriages,
bolls, and other vehicles, made to order in his
line of business manufactured at reasonable
rates and they are especially recommended for
durability. 2-4-ly

F. E. HUMPHREY,
Blacksmith, back of the Gibson Building,
Pomeroy, O. Farming Tools, Shovel
Flows, Mattocks, Hoes, &c., on hand and
made to order. Horse Shoeing and all kinds
of job work done to order. Jan. 3-24

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
M. A. Hudson, Proprietor, (formerly occu-
pied by M. A. Webster), on square below
the Rolling Mill, Pomeroy, O. By endeavoring to
accommodate both man and beast in the best
manner, Mr. Hudson hopes to receive a con-
stantly increasing patronage. 2-4-ly

PILCHER HOUSE,
Racine, Ohio. This new and commodious
building has been furnished in the best
style, for the purpose of entertaining the
public travel. The undersigned will use every
effort to make his guests comfortable, and
respectfully solicits a liberal patronage.
April 10, 1890.—15-5m. R. H. PILCHER.

S. W. ROSS,
Paper Hanger, Glazier, &c., Pomeroy, Ohio.
Paper put on from 12 1/2 to 15 cts per roll,
according to quality. Orders left at J. H. Smith's
Printing Office promptly attended to. 17-2m

W. H. RUST,
Tailor, Front street, a few doors west of Court,
Pomeroy, O. Men and Boy's clothes made to
order, also cutting and fitting. I have a new
sewing machine, my facilities for doing work
are complete. [3-20-ly]

FRANK COOPER,
Stone Mason & Bricklayer. Residence in
John Lane's Building near the Catholic Church.
Dressed and Rubble stone work executed in
the best manner. Also, Bricklaying, Cementing,
&c., done at reasonable prices. Work war-
ranted. [3-24-ly]

DR. KOHL,
Dealer in and Manufacturer of Umbrellas.
He holds himself in readiness to
make Umbrellas to order, or repair old
ones in the most substantial manner. He will
also buy worn-out Umbrellas at liberal prices.
Shop on Linn street, north of Smith's Shoe
Store.

He would also inform the public that he pre-
pares a SALVE, which he will warrant equal
to any in use, for the cure of Felons, Catarrhs,
Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Cuts, Blisters, Ring
Worm, Rheumatism, White Swellings, and
many other diseases of the kind. Price,
25 cents per Box. Jan. 8, 1890.—3-14-ly

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.—The Board of School Ex-
aminers for Meigs County will meet on the
first Saturday of each month, at the Court
House, in Pomeroy, for the examination of
Teachers. Examination to commence at 10 o'clock A.
M., and continue till 4 P. M.

No Teacher need apply at such examina-
tion who has a certificate valid for three
months from the date of last application.
By order of the Board,
Jan. 1890. W. H. LASKLEY, Clerk.

Notice to Salt Manufacturers.
THE subscriber, from a long experience in
the business, would inform salt manufac-
turers that he is prepared to make a large stock
of Boring Tools, &c. [10-5m] F. E. HUMPHREY

APPRENTICES.
THOSE wishing to take boys or girls at any
age from infancy to twenty years, to live with
them till of legal age, would be doing a public
benefit by making known their wishes to Mr.
Scott, Superintendent of the Infirmary, near
Chesapeake, or to either of the following agents:
Feb. 7, '90.—4-6

DENTISTRY.
S. T. BOGGESE, DENTIST,
Is located at
RUTLAND, OHIO.

WHERE he may at all times be found ready
to wait upon those who may favor him
with a call, unless he is professionally absent.
All calls from a distance promptly attended to.
Feb. 11, 1890.—7-6m.

Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph.

T. A. PLANTS & CO.

Office in first story of "Edwards Building," near
the "Sugar Run Stone Bridge," Pomeroy, Ohio.

All business of the Firm Transacted by
T. A. PLANTS, Business Manager.
To whom all applications for Subscription, Adver-
tising, and Job Work should be made, at the office.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
In advance, 1 year, 100 cts. 100 cts.
If paid quarterly, 1 year, 100 cts. 100 cts.
If paid monthly, 1 year, 100 cts. 100 cts.
If paid weekly, 1 year, 100 cts. 100 cts.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
First square 2 weeks 100 cts. 100 cts.
Second square 2 weeks 75 cts. 75 cts.
Third square 2 weeks 50 cts. 50 cts.
Fourth square 2 weeks 25 cts. 25 cts.
Fifth square 2 weeks 10 cts. 10 cts.

Legal advertisements charged at rates allowed by
the courts. All other advertisements must be paid
for in advance.
Advertisements not having the number of inser-
tions marked, will be continued until ordered
discontinued, and charged accordingly.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.
1. Publishers who do not give express notice to
their subscribers, are considered as publishing for
the public.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their
papers, the publishers are considered as publishing
for the public, unless they are notified to the con-
trary.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their
papers, they are considered as publishing for the
public, unless they are notified to the contrary.

4. If any subscriber neglects to pay for his
paper, the publisher is considered as publishing
for the public, unless he is notified to the con-
trary.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a
newspaper from the office, or removing and leaving
it uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intentional
fraud.

TELEGRAPH JOB OFFICE.

In connection with our Newspaper Estab-
lishment, we have a complete Job Office. We
are therefore prepared to execute

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL JOB WORK.
Such as Posters, Programmes, Bills of Lading,
Head Cards, Business and Visiting
Cards, Blanks, &c. at

City Prices.
We call the special attention of this community
to the above proposition, and desire an in-
vestigation of our prices.

DANIEL & RATHBURN,
BANKERS.
Collectors made and promptly remitted. Busi-
ness paper discounted; buy and sell
Exchange, Gold and Silver
Coin, current and foreign
Land Warrants, &c.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE.
For sale in sums to suit. We are prepared to
draw direct on London, Liverpool, Swansea,
Bremen, Hamburg, Berlin, Antwerp, Amster-
dam, Rotterdam, and other cities in Europe. Also,
Australia.

Money inheritances collected in every part
of Europe.
Money received on deposit, and interest at
current rate, and at a time agreed upon.
Jan. 17, 2-4-ly

GEORGE HUTTEL,
Merchant Tailor and Clothier.
The old customers of this house will
please bear in mind that I am still
manufacturing clothing to order, in my
new building, on Front street, 2 doors
west of Court, Pomeroy, Ohio. My facilities for
getting up work is excellent, and I warrant it to
be of every size and description. 2-4-ly

READY-MADE CLOTHING.
Made constantly on hand. Gent's Furnishing
Goods, "Cravats, Shirts, Collars, Gloves, &c., in
good supply, and I take pleasure in inform-
ing my friends that I will shortly have an in-
creased stock.

Thankful for your former liberal patronage,
I hope to be able to offer similar goods at
reduced prices. GEO. HUTTEL.
Jan. 18, 1890.—6-1-4-ly

CHAS. RICHMANN, ANDREW BURKERT.
BURKERT & BURKERT.
NO HUMBAG!
"Small Profits and Quick Sales,"
IS THE MOTTO AT
REED'S OLD STAND.

WE KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND
A good assortment of Gold and Silver
Watches; German, French and American Jew-
elry; Fancy Articles; Clocks from \$2.00 to \$20.00,
of every size and description.

Repairing of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
done in the best manner, promptly. 2-1-ly

COALRIDGE MILL.
THE SUBSCRIBER DESIRES TO INFORM
the Farmers and Millers of Meigs and adjoining
counties, that he will give, in exchange for one
bushel of good, clean Wheat, 42 pounds of
Flour.

Persons wishing large lots of Flour made,
can have it manufactured at 40 cents per bushel,
off to go to the owner of the Wheat.

Persons residing between Parkersburg and
Gallipolis, by sending five bushels of good
clean Wheat, I will give one barrel of Flour,
pay the freight on the same both ways, they
finding the barrel.

W. C. WILLIAMSON
July 26, 1890.—30-4-ly

J. B. HAMPTON,
HARRISON AND
MANUFACTURER
SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF COURT AND
Linn streets, Pomeroy, Ohio.

MONTGOMERY & HOADLEY,
STEAMBOAT AGENTS,
Forwarding and Commission
Merchants,
WHARF-BOT, POMEROY, O.

Keep constantly on hand
LIME, PLASTER, CEMENT, &c., on hand,
and respectfully request builders, and others in
need of the above articles, to give us a call
before purchasing elsewhere, as we are con-
fidently able to supply you at a cheaper price than
any other dealer. April 10, 1890.—15-5m

JOHN ELBEN, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIST, AND HYDROPATHIST.
He renders his professional services to the
citizens of Pomeroy and vicinity.

OFFICE, in John Geyer's Building, (for-
merly Jacob Neitzling's), on Syracuse street,
nearly opposite Lowry's, Fin Shop, Pomeroy, O.
Office hours—Till 9 o'clock A. M.; from 1
to 2 o'clock, and from 7 to 8 o'clock P. M.
Office Prescriptions, from 25 cents upward,
for cash. June 2, 1890.—4-6

A. SEEBOM,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY
DEALER IN OILS, PAINTS, BRUSHES,
Varnishes, Dyes, Perfumery,
and Fancy Articles,
Front Street, Pomeroy, Ohio.
Prescriptions carefully put up. Jan. 8.—2-2-ly

Poetry.

THE ADVENT OF THE MUSQUITO.

By H. S. CORNWELL.

Again the great mosquito comes,
That brings of the night
With all its starving family,
To put my dreams to flight,
And try and settle his small bill,
And take a draft at night!

I hear again the dreadful sound
That tells me he is near;
I hear him wind his horrid horn,
And when his poisoned spear,
He sounds the battle-battle, and ah!
I feel that he is here!

I beat the air; I seem to wage
With fiends an idle feud;
My hopes, like poor Ophelia's,
Are blasted in the bud;
I'm vanquished in a single round,
And he attains "first blood!"

In vain the rank cigar I smoke,
Quite vain and desperate grow;
I try in vain to drive him out,
And shut the window down;
For still I hear those tranquil pipes
Monotonously drone!

Like Cook among the cannibals,
This useless to appeal,
Or like a mummy wind myself
In sheets from head to heel;
The hungry wretch has picked me out
To make himself a meal!

His sucker, like a burglar's drill,
Would pierce an iron door;
He loves, as Alexander did,
To wade in human gore!

Like Everest, he is always dry,
Like Cobb, a perfect bore;
But yet, his faults may not suffice
All merit to efface!

For since never yet was born
Without some spark of grace;
His failing is philanthropy,
He loves the human race!

He comes by night, as angels do,
To chant his soothing hymns;
He hovers o'er the bed's couch,
Just like the cherubim;

By day, he waddles in the swamp;
His legs are long and slim,
Oh, hear me to some frozen waste
Where polar tempests howl!

On trainwheels I will gaze unmoved,
Or Greenland's cliffs of snow,
And be content to pass my days
Among the Esquimaux!

Miscellaneous.
From Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine.

**THE DREAM OF A LIFE TIME FUL-
FILLED.**
BY MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

It was a very little figure, very little
and slight indeed, but it was quite
enough to make Hugh Hamilton look
away into the cool shadows of the green
orchard over the way, that sunny May
afternoon, and dream such dreams as
only come to a man once in his whole
life time.

It seemed very foolish, extremely
foolish, and so he thought himself, for a
man of his age and experience in life, to
be wasting all the long, bright hours of
that May day afternoon, watching for
the little "airy, fairy Lillian" that daily
passed that office; but, turn his back as
often as he would to the open window,
his eyes constantly wandered to the
square of sunshine that lay so idly on the
unoccupied floor, for it was fast
nearing the hour when a little shadow
fell there, and he knew that he would
see that, even if his conscience did re-
prove him for gazing so admiringly at
the substance thereof.

The academy bell had rang full a half
hour before, and she never was known
to be so late as on this afternoon; and
Hugh Hamilton sat like a martyr, gazing
at the floor until his patience was clear
exhausted.

Just then came the echo of laughter,
and a very sweet voice said, "Just down
to the old beech tree, girls, you will go
as far as that with me, it is so very pleas-
ant," and the little voice said it so coax-
ingly, that Hugh Hamilton could not but
look up.

"Oh, Grace, I knew you would say
that; at first it was only to the cor-
ner, then to the orchard, and now down
to the old beech tree, I suppose—"
but that was all that floated in to Hugh
Hamilton's ears, and it was left to his
imagination to finish the supposition that
tall, dark-browed school girl had com-
menced; but he did not take the trouble
to do so, for what cared he what she
"supposed" it was full enough that he
had learned the name of his little divinity,
"Grace." Oh! how beautiful she was,
with her sweet, sunny face dimpling with
laughter, while the sunshine burnished
all those tangled curls like gold.

The broad-brimmed hat hung around her
neck in a careless way, and Hugh Hamil-
ton would have reproved in a sister, if
he had ever had one; but the winking
grace of his little creature made every-
thing she did look charming, even the
clapping of her lead books by a pair
of little dimpled hands entirely in-
congruous.

Just then, Hugh Hamilton, where now
it was his pride and fastidiousness, sitting
there while the sun goes down behind
the old apple trees in the orchard over
the way, heeding not the soft wind that
comes drifting over, laden with the sweet
fragrance of their pale pink blossoms?

Hugh Hamilton was a bachelor, and a
lawyer. Five years before, he had
closed his office in a large and flourish-
ing city, and registered his name on one
of the Atlantic steamers outward bound
for his native land.

Some said that Hugh Hamilton was
on the eve of bankruptcy, and must needs
come down in his luxurious style of liv-
ing, or retire, for a time, from public
view to retrieve his scattered fortune—
Others hinted that there was some love
affair connected with his sudden disap-
pearance, and not a few believed that the
engagement that just at that time be-
came public, of the proud and haughty
Anna Danforth with that millionaire
from the South, was the true cause of

Hugh Hamilton's departure.

But whatever it was no one was the
wiser, for he only parted his lips and
showed just the least little flash of his
white teeth, when any one hinted
at the reason of his going abroad; and be-
fore all his dear five hundred friends
could be made to believe that he was
going—he had gone.

Just five years after, Hugh Hamilton
turned the key in the rusty lock of his
office door, and went in amid the dust
and accumulated cobwebs, turned over
the leather cushion in his great office
chair, drew up one of the blinds at the
window, and sat down. It was need-
less to say that he felt desolate indeed,
for it was long past office hours, and the
long halls that echoed with busy feet
and bustling tongues, all the long day,
were silent and deserted now; so Hugh
Hamilton sat down alone and looked
back over his life.

Once more he lived in the little brown
house nestled among the green hills of
New England, and memory showed him
grave over which his manhood had
created a monument, when was he
writing, "Father," "Mother," Hugh
Hamilton's eyes were moist as he thought
of those he loved, lying cold in the grave,
and his proud heart yearned now, in its
loneliness, for some one to love and to
love him.

His parents had died poor, and Hugh,
their only child, was adopted by a hard-
working farmer, and for several years he
lived a cold, morose, uncomplaining
child. On the night of his tenth birth-
day, Hugh Hamilton tied up a little
package containing all his earthly
possessions, and turned his back upon
the home of his childhood.

Ten years afterward, he stood beside
the green graves in the little church-
yard, and superintended the erection of a
monument over those he loved. It
was not until he had gone away again,
that the villagers knew that little Hugh
Hamilton had been among them; and
many an old woman would go, in the
long summer evenings, and gaze wonder-
ingly at the white marble that grew up so
mysteriously in their little unattractiv-
e burial-place, and say to themselves,
"I knew it; I always said Hugh Hamil-
ton would be a gentleman yet, even if he
did run away from old farmer Blake-
ley; it's a pity he's not alive to see this day."

Hugh Hamilton's memory dwelt
lightly on all the years of poverty that
he had known; indeed, he scarcely
owned to himself how many struggles
he had passed through to obtain his
education, or how many sleepless nights
he had spent poring over the ponderous
treatises of law, when he was only a
child, and he was proud to have
all those dark passages out from his
book of life, and dwell lingeringly,
lovingly upon that brightest morning of
his existence, when the members of this
firm offered him the junior partnership
in their office, because of his extreme
faithfulness since he had been in their
employ.

That hour, Hugh Hamilton's
star had been in the ascendant. Two
years after, old Mr. Brace retired from
business on account of ill-health, and
several months after died, and was buried
beneath the blue waves of the Medi-
terranean, whither he was cruising in
hopes of regaining his health. He was
a widower, and childless, so to Hugh
Hamilton he bequeathed fifteen thousand
dollars, and the proud heart he dropped
all those dark passages out from his
book of life, and dwell lingeringly,
lovingly upon that brightest morning of
his existence, when the members of this
firm offered him the junior partnership
in their office, because of his extreme
faithfulness since he had been in their
employ.

That night, as Hugh Hamilton laid
his head down upon the daintily frilled
pillows in Mrs. Ned Leonard's bed-
chamber, he voted that little lady a "wife
among a million!" and Ned the "happi-
est hog existence!"

How happy the days flew away!—
Hugh Hamilton hunted and fished,
languidly over the hours in Ned's office,
or read to Caddy while she made the
most endless number of pinfolds that
ever fell to the lot of mortal woman to
make before.

It was in this same office of Ned Leon-
ard's that Hugh Hamilton met his des-
tiny.

Sitting there one day, after Ned had
gone out on a round of professional vis-
its, he fell in one of his old-time dreams,
thinking of all that Ned had been telling
him, how he had wooed and won Caddy
Raymond years before, Hugh Hamilton
saw, passing by the window, the
brightest little fairy that eyes ever be-
held.

It was strange for one that had dwelt
among the dark-eyed daughters of Italy,
and the beautiful of every land, to see in
such a weak child as this something to
love; but so it was.

Day after day, Hugh Hamilton learned
to watch for that little flitting figure that
went so thoughtlessly up and down,
reading aloud, or singing to herself as
she went, careless as any bird by the
wayside, sometimes swinging her hat by
one string as she tripped along, and
sometimes hanging it on her arm, while
her nimble fingers wrote out some of the
verses she had just learned.

Hugh Hamilton would have died
sooner than ask Ned Leonard who she
was; for he was such an incorrigible
fool, there was no knowing what he
might do; so he watched and waited.

That was one of the school girls
he already knew, and that her name
was Grace, he had just found out, but
so, when he sat down to tea that even-
ing, after having kept it waiting full an
hour, he set Ned Leonard off into a fit
of laughter that was really dangerous to
behold, by calling Caddy "Grace" two
or three times, and then blushing like
any girl because Ned laughed at him.

The next evening, Hugh Hamilton's
divinity came alone on her homeward
way, studiously reading along, and being
very much pre-occupied, she did not ob-
serve that she had dropped one of her
books, until a very musical voice said
just behind her, "Miss Lee, allow me to
return your property, you dropped this a
moment ago." Thanks to the fly-leat,
whereupon was written the owner's name,
and to the finder's presence of mind,
that tempted him to glance therein and
read it.

Grace Lee looked wonderingly up into
the dark eyes looking so eagerly down
at her, and, with just the brightest
little flash of crimson flitting over her
face, she hastily thanked him, and
reached out her hand for her book. In
doing this, she dropped another, which
they both stooped to pick up, and just
then a wicked little breeze blew the
young lady's curls directly across Hugh
Hamilton's eyes, so he picked up Grace
Lee's hand instead of the book, which
deepened the crimson in her cheeks into
gold.

such a rosy blood, that it was really
painful to behold.

Of course, Mr. Hamilton could tender
but a very lame apology for such an awk-
ward proceeding, so he laughingly bade
her give him all her books, which she
would carry, as his walk led him in that
direction, and thus prevent any more
being lost by the way.

Grace Lee gave them up to him with-
out any demur, looking so frightened
and shy all the time, that Hugh Hamil-
ton was every moment afraid that she
would flit away and leave him, books and
all.

At the gate of a charming little white
cottage Grace Lee said, "Thank you,"
and received her books and a card, on
which was engraved "Hugh Hamilton,"
and with the rosy glow rushing again,
even to the white forehead, she nodded
another "good night," and flitted up the
garden walk.

The next night Hugh Hamilton
carried Grace Lee's books to the cottage
gate, and the next—every night
through all the week; and when Saturday
and Sunday came, and no little flitting
figure came to give him the books, Hugh
felt very melancholy all the while.

The next week Mr. Hamilton went so
far as to ask to be admitted into the
charmed enclosure of the cottage garden;
and then the blushing Grace bethought
herself how rude she had been never to
invite the gentleman in, so she apologized,
and Mr. Hamilton was duly installed as
guest in the little white cottage. After
that, Hugh Hamilton always went in to
rest, after the fatigue of his long walk,
and, finding Mrs. Lee a lady of more
than common hospitality, occasionally
stayed to tea without the preliminaries
of a very urgent invitation.

There was a basket that contained a
rare jewel, Hugh said Ned Leonard,
one day, as he and Mr. Hamilton were
riding out past the little white cottage.
"Ah!" said Hugh, "who is it?" in the
most matter-of-course manner im-
aginable.

"Her name is Grace Lee; her mother
is a widow, and they are quite poor, hav-
ing nothing but this little place, so
Grace is at present fitting herself for
a governess, or something of that sort,
expecting, no doubt, to make a fortune
in a year or two and retire."

"A governess—that little, slight child
a governess; why she's not equal to it,"
spoke Hugh Hamilton, entirely for-
getting an acquaintance of Mrs. Leonard's.
"Slight child!" mocked Ned Leonard,
giving Hugh a glance out of the corner
of his eye; "you know little Grace then,
eh?"

Hugh was obliged now to tell that he
did have the honor to be slightly ac-
quainted, "only an accidental affair, you
know, Ned?"

"And so you are going to be a gover-
ness, are you, little Grace?" said Hugh
Hamilton, as he sat in the cosy little
sitting-room, one evening, some six
weeks after his conversation with Ned
Leonard.

"I hope to be, Mr. Hamilton," an-
swered Grace, looking up at him from the
corner of her eye, where she was copy-
ing a sketch of a landscape, which she
furnished by that gentleman. "Why
don't you think I will make a good one?"

"Oh! yes, good enough," answered
Hugh, looking down into the little up-
turned face gazing so anxiously into his.
"You say yes," just as though you
didn't mean it," she said, and the brown
eyes winked down upon her, and the
little fingers twined idly with her pencil,
and the voice sounded as though it were
full of tears.

It was full five minutes before Hugh
Hamilton could trust himself to speak,
and then he said, "I do mean it, Grace,
but I was thinking that it was a thank-